Brooklyn, June 28, 1838.

Respected friend:

15 You have laid me under additional obligations, by taking the trouble, in the midst of your numerous engagements, to transcribe and send me your entire letter to Jesse Stedman, in vindication of my character from the aspersions of an unknown assailant. The manner in which you have replied to those aspersions, cannot be otherwise than gratifying to me. Your good opinions are the more valuable, because they are predicated upon my practice, not upon any creed I may have taken upon my lips. "By their *professions* ye shall know them," is the modern reading of Christ's infallible rule. I think it was the venerable Dr. Lathrop, who, on being interrogated in a stage-coach by a pert student of divinity, "How much religion have you got?" replied, "None to *boast* of, young man." So with Paul, I make this simple answer to all inquiries respecting my religious sentiments — "By the grace of God, I am what I am." If pride, ambition, and every sinful propensity, have been slain within me; if love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, "the fruit of the Spirit," dwell in me, it is solely "by the grace of God." But, if it be otherwise with me; if I do not manifest this likeness to Christ *in* my *life*; then a formal observance of one day in seven, or a participation in religious rites and ordinances, or a subscription to a particular creed, will serve to mark me as a hypocrite, but can avail nothing more. To my own master, I stand or fall. I know that he will uphold me forever.

It gives me not the slightest uneasiness as to what men say or think of me; though I am often amused at the glaring inconsistency of their charges, as brought against me in a single breath. A notable instance of this kind was seen in the attack of Messrs. Fitch and Towne, I believe in their second Clerical Protest. In one paragraph, they accused me of being an infidel and jacobin, because of my sabbatical views; yet they acknowledged that I held to keeping, "not one in seven, but all days holy"!! A rare specimen of jacobinism, truly! In another paragraph, they denounce me because I maintain that christians are bound to live perfectly holy! What! an infidel denouncing all sin as of the devil, and contending for perfect righteousness in Christ Jesus! — So much for the blindness and bitterness of sectarianism.

You truly remark, in your letter to Mr. Stedman, that my character "has never been impeached," my enemies contenting themselves with bringing vague accusations against me respecting my speculative opinions. This is true — and not less remarkable than true — not that there remains any thing to be discovered injurious to my reputation, but because it is seldom that a reformer, however humble may be his sphere of action, escapes being arraigned by the tongue of malice for some special transgression. Who has had more infuriated and malignant foes than myself? For the last eight or ten years, they have endeavored to make me hideous in the eyes of my countrymen, and have even conspired to take away my life. Yet the sum total of allegations urged to prove that I am very bad man is the senseless cry of "He's an infidel! he's a sabbath-breaker! he's against all law, both human and divine! he's a perfectionist, believing that men ought to live perfectly holy!" &c. &c. All this, of course, amounts to nothing, except that it is a confession, on their part, that they know not what else to say.

It seems, by a letter I have just received from bro. Johnson, that I am expected to "stand the hazard of the die" in the Marlboro' Chapel, next Wednesday, July 4th. For this, I am totally unprepared, having taken it for granted that a substitute would be procured, on account of my continued feebleness of health. Of course, I must try to come; but I fear greatly as to the effort,—it must necessarily be so hastily written and imperfectly prepared. This forenoon I have been lying upon my bed, with a slow fever upon me, and have scarcely felt adequate to the task of penning these few hasty lines. But—nil desperandum.

Hoping to see you next week, I remain, in the bonds of christian fellowship,

Your admiring friend,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Francis Jackson.

Brooklyn Ct
Jan 28

Single.—Paid.
Paid 10

Francis Jackson,
Hollis-Street,
Boston, Mass.

Anti-Slavery

1838-9

Wm. Lloyd Garrison
Jan. 1838